

**Comment -- and
Discomment**

We have been learning something about moonshiners. And in these dry days, information on this sort of a subject is interesting, just a general principle. We had always believed that a moonshiner was a sort of bootlegger, save that he made his own stuff and in his own way, this seems to be true. Some of our best bootleggers now make their own product. But they are not moonshiners.

The bootlegger who is also a manufacturer produces a product that is composed of plug tobacco, salt water wood alcohol for flavor and raisins and other dope for kick. He is more or less of an amateur. Usually he has been given a recipe by a friend, or is the proud possessor of that interesting book: "One Hundred New Ways to Get Spifflicated," which, before a cruel government interfered, was for sale at most newsstands and by mail. His product may have a kick, but it is ruinously hard on the digestion.

The moonshiner, as they know the species in the south, is an artist in his way. He has grown up at his trade. The secrets of distilling have been handed down from father to son, and father got them from grandfather or great grandfather. The moonshiner is not essentially a law-breaker. He believes it is his inalienable right to manufacture whisky. The bootlegger came into being when the sale of liquor was prohibited. The moonshiner made whisky long before that. He made whisky when the government didn't object to the manufacture, but simply wanted to impose a tax on it.

"White Lightning" is the name applied to the moonshine produce and it acts very much like it. It is corn whisky, pure but not simple, and has a wallop that is more effective than that of a wild, untrammelled mule. Unlike the contraband

whisky of the bootleggers, it is deadly. There's no wood alcohol about it. It's regular stuff. And down south, when it is made, they like it. The market is always steady, at prices ranging from \$15 a gallon up—generally up—and despite the constant vigilance of the federal agents they continue to manufacture it.

But the moonshiners are wholesalers. They would despise the junky efforts of our home brewers, who make up three or four gallons at a time. The South Carolina or Kentucky moonshiners select a quiet spot deep in the heart of a forest, and here builds him a still with a capacity of a hundred and fifty or two hundred gallons. He can build the still, grind the corn meal and distill his whisky within a week's time. The total cost of the manufacture will run less than \$500, including the building of the still, and the stuff will bring around \$1,200. Therefore it is a paying business. What if the federal agents now and then capture and destroy a still—the moonshiner can afford the loss.

We have learned that the South Carolina moonshiner has money. Very often he has from three to five automobiles. He sends his children to school, and buys fine raiment for his wife. The movies have been leading us astray. They have intimated that the moonshiner is a poor sort of skite who remains in hiding all the time, who shoots "revenuers" on sight and is a generally unrespectable sort of citizen. But the quality of the profession has improved. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that whisky brings higher prices than it did in other days. Also, the moonshiner seldom drinks his own product.

The strangest thing about it all is that the public in general is in favor of the moonshiner. That is, they feel elated when he escapes with his still when the government agents have been pursuing, and so general is the feeling that the courts down south are reasonably lenient in moonshining cases. The south is not against prohibition, far from it, but the people rather think it is smart to outwit the sleuths, and they are willing to give due credit. People who think themselves perfectly honest are willing to beat the street car companies out of a fare or two, and most people feel the same way about stealing from the railroads. There's something impersonal about corporations and the government.

Some day there will be no liquor problem. A whole race of sturdy youngsters are growing up who have never known the taste of liquor and under prohibition they will never acquire it. A hundred years from now, unless the pendulum of public morality swings far in an opposite direction, there'll be a race of people here who will never be troubled by intoxicating liquor. In the meantime, there are a lot of men who have become accustomed to drinking, and they'll make an effort to get hold of a supply as long as they live. And despite the vigilance of federal and local officers, some of them will get it.

Too bad white paper pulp can't be made out of Presidential timber.—New York World.

HIS NOT TO REASON WHY
Regimental headquarters had just been set up and the fussy colonel decided that he must have a flag-staff. "O'Hara," he told his orderly, "Go out and get me a tall pole—the tallest you can find."
Ten minutes later O'Hara re-entered with a lanky and embarrassed companion. "Colonel," he explained, "there ain't a Pole in the outfit over five foot eight, but this guy's a Lithuanian and, whatever you want him for, I don't believe nobody will ever notice the difference."

THE LAST TRUMP
A colored doughboy who had hit Paris on AWOL and supplied himself generously with the vin sisters, mingled with stronger water, woke suddenly in the great urban cemetery of Pere la Chaise, whither his uncertain steps had taken him. To make it worse, there was an air raid going on.

The brother looked around him out of half-closed eyes. On every side stretched long rows of white monuments. Sirens shrieked from the city streets. Dazzling beams of white light stabbed the heavens. There could be but one conclusion. Hastily searching his pockets, he drew forth his remaining possessions—a bottle of vin-blanc, a pack of greasy cards, a much worn pair of ivories—and hurled them from him. "Get gone away f'm me, evidence," he muttered. "Now come on, Mistuh Gabriel, I'se ready."

"How We Cleared Our Summer Home of Rats," by Mrs. Perry

"When we opened our seaside home last May, it was alive with rats. They'd gnawed all the upholstery. We cleaned them out in a week with RAT-SNAP. I prefer this rat killer because it comes in cake form, no mixing. Saves dirtying hands and plates." Three sizes, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Sold and guaranteed by F. E. Holsten. 56-61

Our ideal summer resort is one where fish bite and mosquitoes don't.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

**Lighten
the
LOAD**

Farm tractors work under heavy loads—loads that place a strain upon the cooling and oiling system. The choice of a correct lubricant is essential in keeping your tractor on the job the year around—full-powered—equal to the tasks you demand of it.

to reduce friction and wear. They cut overhauling and repair expense.

Our Tractor Oils are manufactured for this specific service. Excessive engine heat does not affect their body—exactly the right body to seal in every ounce of power and

Our experts have made a study of the tractor lubricating problem. They have found STANOLIND TRACTOR OIL best suited to a majority of tractors, *Polarine Extra Heavy, Polarine Heavy and Polarine* being recommended for quite a number. For the proper oil to use in your tractor—consult your Stanolind dealer or write us.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Nebraska)

Omaha



**BIG PROFIT IN
MILK AND BUTTER**

Small Investment Brings Big Return—Mr. Weaver's Plan is Simple.

"I bought a package of Dr. LeGear's Stock Powders from my local dealer and after feeding it to my Jersey Cow, she increased from 6 quarts to 12 quarts of milk per day, and after continuing the Powders for 30 days longer, she increased in butter fat from 5 pounds to 10 pounds per week, and at the end of 5 months, she was making 12 pounds of butter fat per week."—L. B. Weaver, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mr. Weaver followed the advice of Dr. LeGear, and is money ahead. You can get the same results. Get Dr. LeGear's Stock Powders from your dealer; feed it to your horses, milk cows, steers, hogs and sheep as directed. Satisfaction or money back.—Dr. L. D. LeGear Med. Co., St. Louis, Mo. 21-Jun 27

**Make Your Bride
Your Partner**



Give your bride the opportunity to show you what a helpmate she really can be.

Open a Savings Account for her at this reliable bank so that she can practice thrift and economy, so necessary for the success and happiness of every young couple.

We will be pleased to advise and help her at all times.

5% Interest on Deposits

First National Bank
ALLIANCE, NEBRASKA

**Spur
Cigarettes**

There's always room at the top
for Highest Possible Quality at Lowest Possible Price

SPURS are jumping over jack-rabbits running the same way. In the popularity race, Spurs could even carry a handicap and yet be first under the wire.

And no wonder! That good tobacco taste and fragrance—that satiny, imported paper, crimped, *not pasted*—that smart brown and silver package, three-fold, to keep Spurs always fresh—they show you something!

The world loves a winner. The grandstand is crowded. Hear 'em cheer! Spurs are galloping home. Are you on?

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



20¢
for
20

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us \$2.00, and we shall be pleased to send you, by prepaid parcel post, a carton of 200 Spur Cigarettes (10 packages). Address:

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
212 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY